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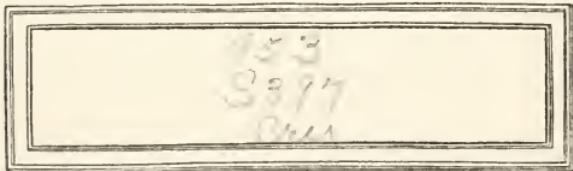
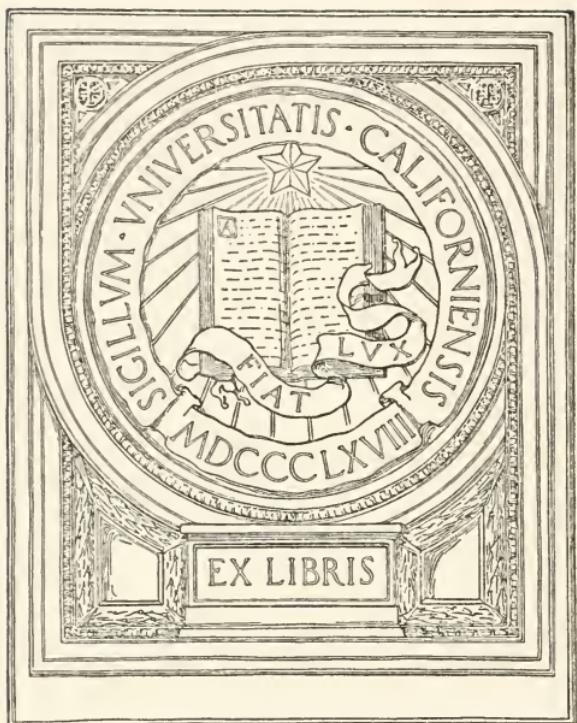
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# **Crux Aetatis**

And Other Poems

MARTIN SCHUTZE



For Agnes Staples

Greetings from

Martie and Cor Schatz

Christmas 1904



# **Crux Aetatis**

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And Other Poems

MARTIN SCHUTZE



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The Gorham Press

1904

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# NO MIND WILL GO FREE

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To E. W. S.

M104385



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## I Crux Aetatis

I had a vision of a smouldering plain,  
A thousand blackened stacks were belching wide  
A twisting coil of smoke on every side  
Which crawled along the murky sky. The bane  
Of black death seemed to have fall'n. I looked  
again,  
And many blackened roofs I dimly spied.  
Deep-sunken in the smoke, they seemed to hide  
Charred heaps of recent ruins which remain  
Of towns, by pillage, murder, war laid low.  
And ever through the smoke a shadow ran :  
A cross, and on it hung the form of Man.  
Clamors confused and strident surged below ;  
And as they blending rose they were the cry  
Of murder : "Crucify Him, crucify!"

## II Aetas et Aeternitas

### 1

Think you that cunning, violence, and crime  
Can ever be of Love and Truth the seed?

Think you, the wells of hate and wrath which  
feed

Your being, through some alchemy of time  
Will turn to sweetness in your fruit? The chime  
Of Peace will issue from your voices keyed  
To cries of war? Can snow again be freed  
From the deep scars of traffic and its grime?

You point to the success and worldly show  
Your iron hand has wrought, and call it wise  
Because to-morrow's hand can grasp it. Lo,  
With all their pomp, a thousand morrows pass,  
And still abideth Truth, as bodes the face  
Of night beneath the scrawls of fire-flies.

## II Aetas et Aeternitas

2

Does not the bolt that smiteth down the tree  
Consume the countless grasses which are grown  
Around its foot? And do the grasses moan  
In bitterness of spirit : “ What are we  
To share the doom thy pride has brought on thee? ”  
The remnant servants of the Great o'erthrown  
Possess their ruins. Do the masters groan :  
“ Why profit ye by our adversity? ”

Why wage ye, brothers, internecine strife?  
Rule ye the storm that tramples down the grain,  
And fells the tree? Does not the April rain  
Melt down the sides of mountains, taking life,  
And giving it? Why clamor ye and call  
Your brother's guilt what is the law of all?

## II Aetas et Aeternitas

### 3

. . . For all the speech of Evil is but one.  
Whether it leap abrupt from brazen tongue  
Of open violence, or tarry long  
With blandishments of cunning, or it run  
In the smooth cadence by long practice won,  
Or meekly drifting with the guilty throng;  
Whether it issue from one leader strong,  
Or from a thousand led; it is but one.

Its theme be glory, or prosperity,  
The love of country, wisdom, or the love  
Of man, and of the God that is above—  
But from the threshold of Eternity  
A voice of thunder echoes back the cry  
Of murder: “Crucify Him, crucify!”

## II Aetas et Aeternitas

### 4

And all the speech of Goodness is but one.  
Whether it come as at the mist-veiled dawn  
All timid to the water comes the fawn ;  
Whether it triumph as the Autumn sun  
Over the increase of rich labor done ;  
Whether it speak as on a summer morn  
The night in countless little gleams dew-borne  
Speaks to the toiling day ; it is but one.

It is a song of gladness and of faith,  
Of brotherhood, of steadfast gentleness,  
And love that never chideth but to bless,  
Nor quakes at cunning, tyranny, nor death ;  
And from the throne of God comes back the cry  
Of blessing : “ Sanctify Him, sanctify ! ”

## II Aetas et Aeternitas

5

Night lies on field and woodland as a dream  
Of peace and love, so solemn and so still,  
When climbs the grade a freight train with the  
shrill

Voice of some monstrous agony. The steam  
Is bursting from a hundred pores. The scream  
Of all the bitter travail of the will,  
The belching smoke, the crash of steel on steel,  
For one brief space of turmoil rule supreme.

And like some spray upflung against the face  
Of the new-risen moon, without a trace,  
It swiftly vanishes. And closer draw  
Again the presences of Earth, and Sky  
With all its stars, clothed with the authority  
Of the supreme unalterable law.

## Through the Sober Window

Through the sober window  
The wooded Autumn hillside peers,  
Silent in the silver-purple rain-mist,  
Dim as golden treasures  
That have slept a thousand years  
In the deepest depths of the sea.

And a moment we wonder  
And breathless gaze  
At the buried golden treasures  
That have slumbered in dim sea-depths  
A thousand years,  
Strange as the many-figured curtain  
Which folds the ultimate secret of things.

And we turn again  
To our cabined ease.  
We ripen, and fall, and turn to mould  
As the fluttering leaf.  
We pass as the blind gray clouds overhead.

And within us, unheeded,  
A golden treasure slumbers a thousand years,  
Dim as the deepest depths of the sea,  
Somber with the secret of things.

# Isolde

## I

Isolde — is not this the voice that I  
Have caught at through the vain imprisoned  
years?

Have I not heard it as a dreamer hears  
Whispers astir within a mystery  
Ambiguous with stubborn gloom and high  
Timid desires? Have I not bent my ears  
To it through the rout of wont-begotten fears,  
And it flashed by me like a wind-spun cry?

What seemed the enduring confines of desire,  
Age after prudent age amassing strove,  
Like chaff are gone within a breath of fire;  
And the majestic shape of ancient Right,  
A piteous phantom of a troubled night  
Has waned before the morning song of Love.

# Isolde

## II

Thy voice that came upon the sweeping sea  
Of passion-driven sound, as sea-birds dance  
Above the leaping crests, now vaults the expanse  
Of long-waved passions of Humanity —  
The wandering tides of human destiny.  
And all the jar and war of words which spans  
The world, an iron roof of dissonance,  
Melts into this one voice's harmony.

What raged, a brutish tumult of the cries  
Of lust, clamor of greed and fervor, sighs  
Of aspiration, and the blasts of hate,  
Sounds but the broken vowels of one word,  
Falters the fragments of one timeless chord,  
Love perfect in thy voice transfigurate.

# Isolde

## III

Truth I beheld, a shimmering island, dim  
Within a streaming, hazy veil of sense,  
Where all the solemn idols of pretense,  
The frowning spectres of historic whim,  
Creatures of rote-begotten wisdom, grim  
Judges of guilt and makeshift recompense,  
Are but cloud-phantoms on the horizon whence  
They mutter, gloom, sink 'neath the violet rim —

Where life is as the blowing of the flowers,  
A fervent dream ; a rapture 'neath the wing  
Of the white moth of passion, quivering,  
Through purple-eyed desirous twilight hours ;  
And then — a fragrance passing in the streams  
Of mingling Summer-dreams, Midsummer-  
dreams . . .

## Monochord

**When Love**

Unsparing, unreserving Love  
Meets face to face,  
Then, and then only, is the veil withdrawn  
That shieldeth soul from soul,  
That shields the soul from God.

**For terrible,**

Unspeakable, devouring is the soul,  
If so its eye  
Be not the brimming eye of prostrate love ;  
For quailing, utterly undone the soul  
If so its eye  
Be not the eye of unremitting love :  
Unsparing is the countenance of God.

Close-drawn the veil,

We walk in darkness and in solitude,  
Husband and wife, child, brother, market-fellow.  
Ah, will not Love  
Cease faintly fingering at the corners,  
And with delivering resolute hand  
Fling wide the veil  
That shroudeth soul from soul,  
That shrouds the soul from God.

## Again Your Eye

Again your eye  
So steady, and so gentle, and so firm,  
Rests on me, and again  
That even quest,  
That even self-transcending search,  
Sounds the deep waters of my troubled soul.

And then again I know  
The weakness and despair of the First Man  
When first he looked into his Maker's eye,  
When first he faced the question of the Truth;  
When first he quailed, and failed, and hid.

And I am exiled then as you,  
And straying in the wastes of solitude  
As you.  
I call on all the powers of Love,  
Upon the deathless ardor of the Spirit,  
And nothing answers, save  
The tangled echoes of my anguished voice.

All the devices of my love,  
All my caresses, all the thoughts and words  
Of gentleness that struggle from my soul,  
My voiceless passion, all the deeds and dreams  
That spring from out the tumult of my striving,  
Are but thin vapors burnt to nought  
By fires transcendent ;  
Are but a mockery and make-believe  
That cannot turn the shafts sent true  
Into the core of being.

For still within your eyes  
There bides unflinching, unescapable,  
That even quest, that silent, troubled search,  
As broods Eternity  
Behind the ceaseless, traceless shift of things.

## Silver-Gray

Slowly drift the silver hours,  
Shifts the silver sky.

By a season-silvered house,  
On a bench, deep in the seeding sward,  
An old man and woman drowse,  
Round-backed as the haystacks in their yard,  
Silent as the hills ;  
Slow-eyed, calm, unindividual,  
Looking without wonder on the meadows  
Rolling silvery by the low gray wall,  
Without question on the dizzy glimmer  
Of the misty sea of farthest hills.

Trees and bushes float in silver glimmer.  
Shreds of vapory hillsides shimmer,  
Silver tapestry,  
Through a screen of pines,  
Shot with sprays of silver spines.

Silently drift vast cloud shadows  
Over drowsy hills and woods and meadows ;  
Glistening bulks, pass silently  
Browsing cattle down the shallow  
Gently dipping valley,

All their necks low-slanting as the hills,  
All their heads deep-buried in the grass,  
Slowly, evenly they pass.

The sun-quicken'd atmospheric simmer,  
Insect-voiced, o'er all the grass-sweet ground,  
Rifts a moment for the sound  
Of the terse and measured cattle-cropping  
— Like sea-mist before the ripples dropping  
Burst on burst, unhurried on the shore —  
Or some wander-bird's fall-tempered measure,  
Gathering all the silvery shimmer  
In a few swift-flashing drops of sound —  
And again the tremulous whirr creeps o'er  
The slow-moving hours,  
As the silvery blur creeps over the sky.

The old house, the meadows, and their creatures  
Melt with the vague, unsubstantial features  
Of the hills ;  
Overgloomed by a far mountain, brooding,  
Like a bovine giant-beast primeval  
Couching, in a gap between the hills.

Slowly drift the silver hours,  
Shifts the silver sky.

## Interface

Through the Summer ball-room window  
Rolls the ancient tune of the sea ;  
Within, an old waltz is playing  
That waves and sways as the sea.

Like a phantom tide, the sea-mist  
The heated fragrance drowns ;  
The swish of the sea steals into  
The ripples of frothy gowns.

Round bushes, huddled and anxious,  
As they cling to the hem of the night,  
And trees, wind-worn and haggard,  
Press close to the circle of light.

They seem forever approaching —  
They seem forever to fly —  
They seem forever pleading —  
They seem forever to spy —

Through the light from within dew-filtered,  
Glimmers the starry sky,  
Far, and faint, mist-shrouded,  
As eyes of memory.

# The Three Moons. A Dream

## 1 FAERIE

In the deep, round lap of a wood-warded vale,  
Lay a moon-white pool; a flawless pearl it lay  
In yielding slopes soft with mist-bloom of the  
    moonlight,  
And the woods were ancient palaces in the moon-  
    light.  
Children with glimmering bodies came playing to  
    the pool,  
Flickering white flames; and diamond ripples  
    came  
To play with them; as tinkling silver bells they  
    came . . .

I, too, was with the ripples; they were fondling  
    and cool  
Like a mother's fingers; and the breezes crooned  
    a fairy tale  
As they stooped low to me from the forest's magic  
    shade,  
Or fell on the water like swift swallows, to fade  
    away  
In sudden elfin laughter. Dream-buoyed I lay  
Where in blissful whispers round me the ripples  
    played . . .

In dead desert ripples I found a memory  
Wan as the moon in the midday sky.

## II. ASPIRATION

In a daisied meadow circled by dark walls of  
wood,  
In the strength of my youth I stood, and flickering  
fire-flies  
Were as stings of passion to my blood.  
Far on over the meadow I saw slowly rise  
A figure tall as a white lily, and her face  
Was dim and tremulous as the moon in driven  
mist.  
Her hair as flights of swallows. A summons was  
her face.  
I was drawn as birds by the message that on misty  
wing  
From a distant April the breezes bring. . .  
Strong young breezes ran beside me in the race,  
And the daisies were as dancing ripples at my  
feet. . . .

The daisies were as upturned faces at my feet,  
With urging, winning gaze they tempted me to  
bide,  
They sank with rueful murmur under every pace,  
They surged, a pleading host that would not be  
denied,  
They clung in sinuous embraces to my feet,  
They grew till not in vain my throat and lips they  
kissed,  
They grew till over my eyes they were a billowing  
mist,  
And the breezes, screaming scourges in my  
face. . . .

Impenetrable walls of poppies rose before  
My eyes. The breezes slept. I saw<sup>t</sup> the face no  
more. . . .

### III. ECHOES

I won the wide summit of a wood-girt hill.  
Behind me stealthy leaves were falling silently,  
Yellow ripples upon Autumn's purple sea  
In whose twilight distant gorgeous forests swoon,  
Jewelled islands of dream. And over the edge of  
the hill  
From the pale purple sea had welled the yellow  
moon —  
Memory's golden heart, it hung quivering over the  
hill :  
And the children's play, the fairy croon,  
The beat of the pace at the start of the race,  
The shimmering pool that ebbed so soon,  
And the tremors upon a forgotten face —  
Came, vibrant echoes, from heights unattain-  
able. . . .

## Autumn Gypsy

I found her wandering over the hill  
One warm October day;  
Her feet, sun-glints that swift and still,  
O'er waving grasses stray.

A single wind-blown garment torn,  
Clung to her slender form,  
Gray, purple-shaded, season-worn  
By sun, and thorn, and storm.

Her golden tresses were shot with fire  
As sun-lit maple trees;  
And through them, eyes of deep desire —  
Blue sky through golden leaves.

Her head was purple-aster crowned  
— Pale wreath of the Autumn dawn —  
Her eyes were shaded with twilight round,  
As the blue October morn.

We roamed the jewelled morning through  
With the cloud-shadows over the downs;  
At noon we lay where the sky hung blue,  
In thin, gold maple crowns.

Close as noon shadows, leaves were strown,  
Golden around each tree;  
Ripe and gay, the leaves came down,  
Passionate souls set free.

Her songs were as the rustling trees  
— Linked echoes of things half said ; —  
Her hands alive as the grass-sweet breeze  
That softly over us sped :

This is the bridal of the Earth,  
These, her nuptial bowers,  
These are the days of passionate mirth,  
These, her golden showers.

With seeds, and leaves, and the wandering sky,  
Her ministers are we,  
We ripen, beget, and bear, and die,  
Yet changeless are as she.

Of the magic knowledge, these the days,  
Which youth eternal brings,  
When we see the vision of her face  
Through the rifting screen of things . . .

Where a brook foamed over a mossy ledge,  
Was a rocky, secret pool ;  
The trees were a vaulting, golden hedge,  
The water was clear and cool.

And naked she rose, as a birch so fair,  
Poised on a froth-girt stone,  
A golden torrent, her rippling hair  
About her shoulders shone.

Amid the falling foam she stood,  
In a living bridal veil ;  
And then the pool with ripples wooed  
Her body, pearly pale.

Her laughter, and speech, and body's grace  
Were gleams that flickering sped  
Over twining roots, o'er the water's face,  
And its ripple-clouded bed . . .

When twilight peered from every dell  
With purple-aster eyes,  
And the clouds had all gone over the hill,  
And the mists began to rise,

A bed I made under balsam trees,  
On a needle-scented floor,  
Branches and crackling Autumn leaves  
For a fragrant fire I bore . . .

The dome of Peace rose slowly and still  
Over forest-tiers on tiers,  
Over the swinging curve of the hill,  
Above the starry spheres . . .

Glimmered her face in the dusk of her hair,  
When sleeping she lay by my side,  
As the slip of the midnight moon in a lair  
Lingers, of boughs spread wide.

When I awoke in the chill gray dawn,  
Empty was her bed,  
Gold was the hill over which she had gone,  
With a last glimpse of her head.

And I have wandered the whole world through,  
Seeking her everywhere,  
And ever above the hill in the blue  
Was a glimpse of her golden hair . . .

I have made a cabin of bark and boughs,  
On the slope of a terraced hill;  
Below, in the hazy valley, drowse  
Towns, contented and still.

The fire is lit on the woodland hearth,  
Under balsams by my door;  
Again to her bridal comes the Earth  
With all her golden store.

And there, just over the brow of the hill  
A golden gleam I see —  
Where the last light kisses, long and still,  
The crown of a maple tree.

## The Double

Whence is the stare,  
Frozen upon some iron countenance,  
Beyond the vacant stare  
Of shallow noonday's cloudless desolate glare?

Whence the smile,  
Mirage of lands of ever-blown flowers,  
Behind the potent smile  
On haze-bedizened shore, and sea, and isle?

Whence the voice  
That cries against the heavens' resounding dome,  
Above the jar and noise  
Where men despair, and clamor, and rejoice?

Whence the hush,  
Yawning beneath the featureless abyss  
Of shame's and sorrow's hush  
That drains all impulse's animant rush?

What is this thing,  
Forever present, ever vanishing,  
Now burning in the words a stranger says,  
Now quailing in a baffled girlish gaze,  
Now quick beneath yon boys' wild ways and plays,  
—And now entrenched behind its own soul's  
laboring?

## Gloom-Folk

Their eyes, cold, gloom-lidded,  
As the narrow glance of twilight  
With the heavy lids of darkness  
On the ashen streak of horizon—  
Sightless, bleak, forgetting,  
As falling dusk in November.

Gray flocks of fog, they pasture  
In the gray mist-bloom of the valleys  
Which the blighting hand of darkness  
Has turned to wasted fallows—  
Heartless, blank, forgetting,  
As falling dusk in November.

Their hearts, waste as the fallows ;  
The mocking glimmer of twilight  
In blurring mists, their features ;  
Their breasts, fog-smothered hollows—  
Blurred, blank, forgetting,  
As falling dusk in November.

## Winter Sabbath

My soul has stolen out upon the hoar  
And glistening day. A hazy mystery,  
It veils the turquoise sky and answering sea,  
And ice-emporaled and battlemented shore;  
It lays a soft concealing mist-hand o'er  
The horizon's cruel prison wall where the  
Fatuous Vision, mad for liberty,  
With tremulous finger fumbles for a door.

And all my world is a vast pearly gleam,  
And all my thought an iridescent dream;  
The fairy headlands streaming through the mist,  
The sudden shadows where the breezes stray,  
The lapping water — drifting, shifting play  
Within my soul is all I wis and list.

## By the Great Lake in Winter

The drowsy hum and whine of the speeding train  
Is on the air; a broken dizzy stream,  
Flits by the window the dense fleecy steam;  
And with it, now concealed, revealed again,  
Along the shore a gray fantastic chain  
Of huddling shapes, frost-modelled hosts of dream.  
Bides, through the rifts, a vast gray passive gleam,  
And, purple-gray, the sky glooms o'er the main.

Infinite Presence — there it seems to dwell  
Where all things passionate, inscrutable,  
Vast and still have left their featurings  
Beneath the scrawls of mocking episodes;  
And, far beyond the madding whirl of things,  
Its face forever bides, and broods, and bodes.

## Continuity

Clear and sparkling, falls the water  
    into the basin rock-gray, moss-green,  
Ever gliding, ever passing,  
    ever fixed as the pale-blue sheen  
Sent from the blue heart of heaven  
    which unaltered, unpassing bides  
Through the ebb and flow of seasons,  
    through the ages' passionate tides.

Every ripple, mingling swiftly  
    with its hurrying fellows, flees  
Down the pebbled gleam-flecked channel,  
    under the gloom of biding trees,  
Fleeting, vanishing, never perishing,  
    changeless in ever changing state,  
Past things rooted, from secret to secret,  
    down the varying channels of Fate.

In dark-rippling robe a woman  
    moveless stands by the rushing stream,  
With a girl-babe, fair and naked,  
    on her bosom like a gleam  
Flashing from the breast of darkness ;  
    both with wonder agaze in their faces —  
And the water flashes, passes,  
    ever renewing, flashes, passes. . . . .

## Threescore-Ten

Murmured blessings of falling snow be on you  
Whose undaunted heart, though it lock in silence  
Many a wound and forfeited quest of springtime,  
Purer than snow is.

Benedictions of sunlit snow be on you,  
Flooded with the infinite blue of heaven,  
Though your soul's unclouded abyss of calmness  
Shames the unfathomed.

Benedictions of waning snow be on you,  
Leave eternal splendor of Spring about you  
In whose eyes is mirrored the never fading  
Glory indwelling.

## Evening

We are sitting in clover-fields drowsy with bees,  
My sweetheart sees lines, and colors, and glints  
That sport with the solemn, paternal trees,  
And on tiering hills the sheeted sea tints.  
A wilful sky, in sunset carouse  
With frothy clouds, just pushes aside  
A curtain, gold-fringed, of his many-domed house  
On the western hills, for a last misty-eyed  
Survey of the smiling, indulgent slopes.  
And my thoughts follow the wayward trail  
Of the smoke of my pipe, as it winds and gropes  
Toward the heights where its cloud-brothers sail.

O'er the dusk-bronzed meadow sways and groans  
The last load of hay, and the shouts of its crew  
I hear, and my sweetheart's musing tones,  
The robin's bubbling comments, too,  
And the far-off city's deep-voiced moans  
As the day-burden slips from brain and thew.

Veil after veil, the night curtains fall,  
Blue on blue; a wan, reminiscent light  
On watch by the northern boundary wall,  
And the monotone insect voice of night  
Try vainly the splendors of day to recall.

My sweetheart and I unwilling depart  
Through the crunching stubbles, and silence keep  
As we pass under trees whose leaves will start  
In the sudden tremors of first light sleep.

The distinctions of hard-eyed day have passed  
As we enter our door, and pain and delight  
Of our day-thoughts have melted into the vast  
Harmonious tenderness of night.

## The Gale

The bees hang under the blossoms' lee,  
By bonds invisible anchored there;  
Birds cling to yonder shuddering tree,  
All heading the same way;  
The swallows wheel and scream with glee  
Mid apple-blossoms whirling gay;  
Spindrift comes scudding over the sea  
Into your fluttering hair.

In shattering blasts the billows hurl  
Their weight upon the staggering quay;  
Sheet after sheet, burst, leap, and whirl  
The rainbow flames of spray.  
The shipping in the seething swirl  
Tosses and strains to break away,  
In roaring rigging sailors furl  
Slapping sails hurriedly.

The crisp and hard-blue waters o'er,  
Like blushes on an eager girl,  
Cloud-shadows sail. The weltering, far  
Horizon jaggedly  
Grips the wild sky. Along the shore  
The gulls forever untiringly  
Now plunge, flash up, now calmly soar  
Where white the breakers curl.

O my beloved, cannot we  
    Amid the passionate uproar  
On storm-steep paths of liberty  
    One care-free journey fare?  
Can we not one sun's course be free,  
    Mid urge and surge of generous dare,  
On racing crests of life to be  
    As billows, birds, and air?  
Can we not burst the gates of fear,  
    Sweep off the bars and crumbling store  
And lees of yesterday's wisdom drear,  
    And miser-prudence?  
Our thoughts without expedient veer,  
    The falter in our voice no more,  
Our hearts no usurers, the sheer  
    Storm-joy within the deep soul's core.

## Day-After-Day

O, drive once more from the beaten brain  
    The grizzled horror of day-after-day ;  
O, clear from the smothered heart again  
    The cumulant dregs of day-after-day.

O, paint once more the flying goal  
    With the rainbow-splendors of April storms ;  
O, match once more the pursuing soul  
    With the racing clouds of April storms.

O, wake my pulse with the old spring cry  
    To the panting pace of the East-ridden sea ;  
O, fill again the shrunken eye  
    With the blue-sea vision of Eternity.

O, lift this monster of Now-and-Near,  
    This incubus of monotonous wants ;  
The changeless face of the spying Here  
    That stares in silence, stares and haunts.

## In October Woods

All our striving is a fitful flicker  
Sun-flecked ground upon,  
That a cloud, a wayward migrant chanceling,  
Whelms anon.

Our compelling passions, starts of breezes,  
Swiftly come and past —  
Sea-song drifted through a door sprung open,  
Then made fast.

And their fruits are sudden gusts of diamond  
Dewdrops mouldward bound :  
A few glints in midair, fugient patter  
On the ground.

Shoals of red leaves floating on a troubled  
Pool, our gorgeous dreams ;  
And its banks are marred by roving cattle  
Of our schemes.

And our will, self-destined, self-responsive,  
Linking deed with deed,  
Is a gossamer wind-waif, spanning haply  
Weed and weed.

Shingly vistas of our high-roofed cities,  
Power and patience-wrought :  
Drifted leaves on ground, one season tramples  
Into nought.

## The Singer

Give me your flowers,  
Your tears and applause;  
Bid the dumb minutes  
For me pause.

What passed twixt rose  
And the heart of June  
Has linked us awhile  
In magic of tune.

Long in darkness  
I strove unknown,  
Back into darkness  
I glide alone.

The rose on your bosom  
To-morrow is dead,  
Lost is the voice of  
The song that is sped.

Only to-day I  
May dazzle and reign —  
Shower me with plaudits  
And roses again.

## Song

My love and I in the meadow lie,  
In the deep grass hidden so close, so close,  
Through whose shadow-sprays the low sun strays,  
And, passing, smiles, for he knows.

And free to every sun-warm breeze,  
As the winnowed grass, is my soul, my soul,  
To the fragrant breeze, the vagrant breeze,  
Faint with sweet summer-dole.

There's none to spy but the glimmering sky,  
And his lover's heart is so wide, so wide—  
Soon in godly mirth he will hold the Earth  
In his arms, a dark-tressed bride.

A little bird, can he have heard  
What our trembling hearts have sighed, have  
sighed,  
His wooing song he has stilled so long —  
He knows, he knows, my bride . . .

We know a place of crumpled grass  
Where we lay together so close, so close,  
Where memories stray, as of new-mown hay  
The fragrance — and no one knows.

## Vibrations

I have drunk the sunset potion  
Of that fiery western bowl,  
And the heart-beat of creation  
Goes a-humming through my soul.

I am dancing with the grasses  
To the breeze's time-sweet tune ;  
Tremulous as the forest with the  
Rain-wind's reminiscent croon.

With the homing bees a-droning  
To the calling bluebells' chime ;  
Pulsing with the insect-murmur  
Of the whirring wheel of time.

With the fire-flies a-throbbing  
O'er a pine-walled daisy mead :  
Forest organ's Vox Humana,  
Giant-fluted, million-keyed.

I am quivering with the ripples  
Tumbling diamonds on the shore,  
That they gleaned in careless wonder  
From the heavens' exhaustless store.

Rolling in the long slow sea-swell,  
Like that distant blur of light,  
With a cargo of sea-longing  
Gliding in the shoreless night.

In a willess glad surrender  
Like a perfect violin,  
I respond to every tremor  
Of the magic voice within.

Till I chime with each elusive  
Faint and fainter overtone  
Of the universal keynote,  
Haunting, echoing, still unknown.

## Christmas Eve

After the wonder of Christmas Eve  
When I was a little boy,  
I took to bed in my jealous arms  
My most beloved toy.

And visions of what we were going to do  
In the hermit world of my den,  
Went to sleep with my hot unwilling eyes,  
And waked with my dreams again.

I am no longer a little lad,  
And toys have lost their charm;  
Yet every night now is Christmas Eve,  
With its dearest gift in my arm.

## Fall Exuberance

When the wind through the brown  
Withered crowns hisses sharp,  
As the weaving waves in Winter  
With ice-jewels in their warp . . .

When the sun roams again  
Through the breached Summer screen,  
And the stored lethargic shadows  
Scatters from the forest green . . .

When the leaves on the wind  
Are as birds on the wing,  
And the silken milkweed bevies  
From a dell go wandering . . .

Then my heart starts anew  
On the road o'er the hill,  
Autumn shriven, Autumn driven,  
Wholly given to Autumn's will.

## Vapors

On quivering hills a tender haze,  
Meek afterthought of fiercest blaze;  
A pearly smile on field and stream,  
The wood-birds' answering pensive theme —  
A vesper dream. . . .

Shades of our strangled hopes, they rise,  
Like films on dream-enchanted eyes,  
On the ardent heart a numbing chill,  
And the pæans of imperious will  
Grow faint and still.

## The Tree

Each Spring-tide of new impulse rent  
The fibres, lesser passions wove ;  
Fluted with deepening scars, it strove  
Till the long urge of life was spent.

When man the perfect shaft beheld,  
Who anguish for each triumph paid,  
Its image out of stone he made,  
Which his mute aspirations spelled.

## The Turn of the Wheel

A flash of reckless frenzy, and a glow  
Far prouder than the ever forespent joy  
Of fruitful thrift, and like a worn-out toy  
A golden hoard Fall scatters at a throw.  
But while the world lies hushed and drear, the slow,  
Sure Earth has fused it — nought but brown alloy  
To wolfish tempests leaving to destroy —  
Into another flower-crested flow.

In vain we try to hoard the golden dowers  
Of love and thought the quickened moments gave,  
The heart must lavish in unstinted showers  
Its wealth to swell an ever new-born wave;  
The greedy mind becomes a beggared knave  
As sullen 'hind its leering spies it cowers.

## I Saw a Russian Thistle Ball

I saw a Russian thistle ball.  
It sped on the course of the aimless winds,  
In the garish light of December plains,  
A nerveless, colorless, worthless thing,  
Like a fugitive shape of the pallid sands.  
An insolent vagrant, at every shift,  
It left the easy prolific germs  
Of a vulgar, surly, elbowing brood.

And the dim cross-lights of memory fall  
On a hillside dewy with breath of spring,  
Where with tenacious fortitude,  
Arbutus wrests its thrifty terms  
From rocks that hold warm rays in bonds,  
From nursing moss and leafy drift.  
There its perennial home it finds,  
And all the sweets of earth it gathers in its veins.

## Precious Stones I Found by the Sea

Precious stones I found by the sea,  
Aglitter with magic of sun and spray;  
I took them home exultingly  
—Were paltry pebbles, dry and gray.

The vesper sun in the maple trees  
Fired the torches of rioting Fall;  
—I bore a branch with a few faint leaves,  
Dusty and sere, to my somber wall.

Songs were urgent in my breast,  
As the tide of Spring, as the swell of the sea  
—Words obeyed my burning hest,  
Bare as stones from the sea.



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